

# LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

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BY HENRY ADAMS.

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No papers will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the discretion of the editor.  
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Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1 00  
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All communications must be post-paid.

## POETRY.

### A RAINY DAY.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

It rains. What lady loves a rainy day?  
Not she who puts prunella on her foot,  
Zephyrs around her neck, and silken socks  
Upon a graceful ankle—nor yet she  
Who sports her tassel'd parasol along  
The walks, brow-crowded on some sunny noon,  
Or trips in mud, in a winter's night  
On a cold sleigh ride—to a distant hall.  
She loves a rainy day who sweeps the hearth,  
And threads the busy needle, or applies  
The scissors to the torn or thread-bare sleeve;  
Who blesses God that she has friends and home;  
Who in the pelting of the storm, will think  
Of some poor neighbor that she can befriend;  
Who trims the lamp at night and reads aloud  
To a young brother, tales he loves to hear,  
Or ventures cheerfully abroad, to watch  
The bedside of some sick and suffering friend,  
Administering that best of medicines,  
Kindness and tender care and cheering hope,  
—Such are not sad, e'en on a rainy day.

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

The Northampton (Mass.) Gazette says, that twenty farms have been sold in the town of Worthington, within a few months, nearly all the owners of which are bound for the West; and the same migrating spirit is manifested in the other towns of the neighborhood.

**Fatal Accident.**—Two men lost their lives yesterday afternoon on the Providence Railroad, near the Tremont Hotel in Roxbury, under the following circumstances:—Two men were walking by the side of the rail road, and when the engine came within forty feet of them, one of the men threw himself designedly, directly across the track. The other attempted to save him, but the engine being so near, struck them both, and one was instantly killed, and the other very dangerously wounded. It was understood that the men both belonged to Boston, and that the one who threw himself upon the track, named Regan, was deranged. The other, we learn, was a respectable man named O'Brien, who resided in Pleasant street.—Boston Ad.

**Progress of Romanism.**—A writer in the Rochester Democrat says that a convent for Nuns is about to be established in that city. He says there are about 5000 Catholics in Rochester. The Church of Rome has appropriated \$50,000 for the establishment of a Catholic Convent at Batavia, Michigan.

A most furious tornado was experienced at Columbia, Tennessee, on the night of the 21st ult. Its entire duration is said to have been but a few minutes, in the course of which houses were torn from their foundations, trees uprooted and piled together, fences prostrated, and every thing within the scope of its fury broken down and destroyed. Eight were killed, and fifteen or twenty badly wounded. The account says that "a negro girl belonging to a family in which four persons were killed, was blown into a fire and there confined by a beam, until the storm was over, when, directed by her screams, assistance was afforded. In this excruciating situation she lay literally roasting alive for nearly an hour. She is still alive. Some conception of the velocity of the wind may be had from the fact that a green pine tree, near Mr. Lusk's dwelling, is to be seen sticking about 20 feet into the ground a broad piece of poplar plank, firmly driven in to the depth of four or five inches, and at an angle of 45 degrees across the grain."

A man recently called on the editor of the Miner's Journal, and requested permission to look at his exchange papers. He appeared while reading to be particularly struck with an advertisement in a Harrisburg paper, offering a reward for a forger who had escaped from prison; and the editor, supposing all was not right called in a constable, and the rogue confessed that he was the man advertised.

**Shocking Accident.**—At Cheshire on Tuesday, the 7th inst., Silas, aged 15, and Wm. aged 12, sons of Mr. Eliza Gaylord, were at work in leveling some meadow land, with a heavy ox-draw; they went between the oxen to influence the tongue from the yoke, when the oxen suddenly started and ran—the boys grasped the tongue to avoid being crushed; the eldest held on for a moment, when he fell. The roller passed over him, and crushed him in a shocking manner, so much so that his life was despaired of for a number of hours; but hopes are now entertained for his recovery. The youngest boy, William, soon after let go his hold and fell. The roller passed over him and he died instantly.—N. Haven Palladium.

**Judge White in Tennessee.**—The spirit of Tennessee is up; she is now pledged to Judge White, and the direct interference of Gen. Jackson is in favor of Van Buren, but, apparently, only injured the Vice President's prospects. The Globe has omitted a small article of Misses Jith upon one or two of the Nashville editors, but it only spurred them on to further acts of contumacy against the high honors of the President; and with an eye to this state of things, the Franklin Observer, one of the cleverest papers in the state, says:—The Washington Globe, in a fit of headstrong folly, has made an abusive attack upon the Nashville papers. He might as well attempt to overthrow a mountain of adamant, with a powder pen ball. We call Tennessee the Bell Horn of the Union. Let the Globe beware how he unmuzzles his pen.—V. B. Cox.

**Singular Success.**—The Hingham (Mass.) Gazette says that the Hingham Mutual Fire Insurance Company have not met with a single loss for nearly nine years. The company have now at risk \$25 policies, and the present amount insured is \$750,000.

A New-Orleans paper of March 20, says:—In 1830 our population was about 60,000, perhaps now 85,000, and no doubt will be in ten years from that time, when the census will again be taken, 130,000; its greatest accession being by emigrants, all super-induced here by our vast trade; our fertility is becoming every year more and more calculated for their residence; our streets paved and water running through them; our city lighted up with gas; our municipal regulations more harmonized to its wants. This increase of population and improvement of our locality, bears but a small proportion of the gradual increase of population, and improvement of the face of the vast valley of the Mississippi.

A young rustic, a few evenings ago, in reply to a polite invitation to attend a wedding, said with great gravity, "I should like to go, if I wasn't going a-clawing."

**Accident.**—On Saturday last a son of Mr. Rory Starr, aged about 13, in descending a hill near a mile west of the Presbyterian meeting house, with a team of horses and a wagon without a box, one of the whiplash-trees got loose, at which the horse took fright. The lad in his efforts to govern them, was precipitated between the horses and the forward axle-tree, his body being suspended from the double whiplashes, with his head downward. In this position the team ran with him to the barn of Mr. Starr, a distance of a mile. Although shockingly bruised and mangled, we are glad to learn that he is in a fair way to recover.

**Erie Rail Road.**—A large number of individuals came forward yesterday and subscribed. The Stock we learn is so much in favor, that a company stand ready to take the whole. The Commissioners, however, prefer to have it taken up by merchants and others in small parcels, so as to insure the accomplishment of the work.—N. Y. Advertiser.

**An Incurable Drunkard.**—On Saturday morning a woman named Susan Hood, was found by the street inspector of the 1st Ward, in Marketfield street, at half past 6 o'clock, lying on the sidewalk, so drunk that she could not stand, and venting volleys of abuse upon every one that passed by. She was placed on a cart, carried to Bridewell, and lodged away, and complaint being made at the police office that she was a drunk-vagrant, she was sent to the Penitentiary for six months. This female, who is now between 48 and 50 years old, has been a regular drunkard ever since she has been a woman, and has spent about 30 years of her life in the Penitentiary, including the short intervals between the completion of one term of service and the commencement of another. As all hope of her reformation is extinct, the probability is that she will end her days in prison.—N. Y. Sun.

**Coughing at a Mark.**—Two young girls speaking of the effects of the whooping cough, of which both were but recently relieved, one said how "her whole frame was affected, and that the blood had run out of her eyes and ears at the same time." "That," observed the other, "was nothing to what I felt, for I coughed out of my shoulders out of joint."

**The Alabama Murders.**—The Mobile Advertiser of the 20th ult. states that both the bodies of the children, who, under circumstances of heinous atrocity, were murdered a few weeks since in Baldwin county, have been recovered. They were found in the creek near the place designated by the wretches who perpetrated the horrid deed. The dreadful details of the butchery, are too shocking to be related, or even to be conceived of. Suffice it to say, the villains were apprehended, and yesterday they were tried and convicted. They were sentenced to be executed on Thursday next.—We regret being compelled to add, that the popular indignation could not be controlled by the ministers of the law. The bodies of the poor innocents, exhibited a spectacle that beggars description, and aroused the feelings of the populace to uncontrollable fury.—On the moment of pronouncing the sentence, they rushed upon the officers, rescued the murderers from their charge and hurried them to the scene upon which they perpetrated the deed, with the avowed object of putting them to death. We regret this interference with the regular operation of the laws; but, if ever a case could be imagined that would palliate their violation, it is to be found in the unspeakable details attending the murders of these helpless children.

It is calculated that, in the United States, there are 300,000 cigar smokers, who pay away annually, the sum of \$3,000,000,—also 600,000 chewers of tobacco, and 500,000 snuff takers, making nearly one eighth of the population.

**Sons in a School-room.**—"Jim," said the master, "you were not in school yesterday." "No, sir, here's 'cause mother sent ye;" at the same time holding out a slip of paper on which were written the following seemingly Egyptian hieroglyphics:—"cept atom to you a tawring." "Well, Jim," said the master, after examining it for some time, "what did you do yesterday?" "Dug inter!" "Oh yes!" "Kept at home to go a pot-lodging."—Worcester Pall.

**Dead Bodies.**—We learn by a gentleman from Fort Hamilton, L. I., that about the 1st inst. a hoghead drifted ashore on Coney Island, which, when opened, was found to contain several human bodies. It was the opinion of the Coroner, James C. Church, Esq., that these bodies had been barrelled up and exported for the purpose of dissection.—Jb.

The Hon. Robert P. Letcher, member of Congress for a long series of years, from Kentucky, has declined a re-election.

**Elegance.**—The following account of exquisite elegance, gives one an idea of the manner of doing things in Ohio. We have read it attentively, and strange as it may appear, we cannot discover what the learned orator would be doing. Sometimes we think he wouldn't. But the gentleman from Ohio has the floor, and says:—  
"Mr. Cheever:—I have least contentedly, for a long time, to the judicial observability of the meagre which last disconcerted you! and I—freely, very much declines, to offer any uncertain quantity of remarks, in refutation of any former directions; and, also, likewise commends an explanation from the gentleman who last disconcerted the meeting, on what authority he grounded his manifold assertions. He tells us, that the motion passed against contra dictories.—I would require of the cheer, or of the very worthy member of this club, or society, or association, or institution, or whatever some may on proper to call it, who this Mr. Noddy are? What are the principles of his contra dictories? Whether he be opposed to the present administration? I have for Jackson I have read Johnson's and Webster's and many other dictionaries; and once I ventured to take a plain Webster's; but I am glad to declare here in our con-jugated precincts, that I never could abide Webster: I hate his dictionary because he must be in corporation with Daniel Webster; and so non-committee freemans, one uphold such a character, with pleasure to themselves; or impunity, to the community I remit the question."

From an Eastern paper.

**BENEDICT ARNOLD.**—Was born in Norwich, Ct. in 1740. His father was a man of suspicious integrity, and after a successful mercantile life, he became intemperate, lost his property and was reduced in character to a miserable man. It is presumed the conduct of the father had a pernicious effect upon the son; his example being so bad, unable as he was, to exert any suitable parental restraint, or moral influence upon young Arnold.

At an early age he was put under the care of a druggist in Norwich, and thus early he exhibited an innate love of mischief, an obduracy of heart, and a disposition to indulge in the most wanton cruelty. He delighted to maim young birds within hearing of their mothers, and to scatter broken glass where the school children might cut their feet. As an evidence of his daring and fearless character, he delighted to mount a great water-wheel and astonish people by going under and above the water with it while in motion. After serving his apprenticeship at Norwich, where he obtained the reputation of a turbulent and unprincipled fellow, he removed to New-Haven and began business as a druggist. Afterward he engaged in trade with the West-Indies, where he fought a duel, but his speculations were bad and he returned to New-Haven bankrupt, and again began business.

In 1775, the news of the battle of Lexington reached New-Haven. Arnold was Captain of a company, and having assembled his troops on the Green, he harangued them in an exciting manner, and asked for volunteers to march with him to Cambridge. About sixty joined him, and when the selectmen refused them arms from the magazine, he resolutely declared he would burst it open. This threat induced compliance, and he and his little band early joined the American army. Soon after his arrival, the subject of invading Ticonderoga and Crown Point was agitated, and Arnold was appointed Colonel. Some difference between him and Colonel Ethan Allen took place as to precedence of command in investing those fortresses, but Arnold with chagrin and much ill grace was compelled to yield his claim! He persisted, however, on entering Ticonderoga, when it surrendered, sword in hand, at the side of the commander. He was impetuous and ardent, and in contests on Lake Champlain and other places, there was no bounds to his courage, seeking the hottest of the fight and contending with the ferocity of a tiger.

Subsequent to this we find him heading the expedition through the wilderness of Maine to Quebec—an enterprise coupled with hardships and sufferings which no one could have contemplated only as an incredible, mad scheme, but Arnold. In 1777, he was superceded in command, an event ill calculated to produce contentment in such a hot and passionate mind. He soon began to complain of the ingratitude of his country, and his accounts, which were laid before Congress, they delayed to examine, and in a manner reflecting upon his integrity, refused to discharge.—Even after this, in all his subsequent affairs, when appropriations were withheld and his commissions rescinded, and in consequence of his irascibility and rashness, difficulties occurred between him and superior officers, he seemed driven to desperation and bitterly sought revenge for what he termed the ingratitude of his country! There is no doubt his claims were procrastinated too long, and an undue prejudice allowed to be exerted against him, from his impetuosity of character, so that he became embittered in his feelings toward every body, and allowed his chafed spirit to seize upon the earliest opportunity to glut itself with revenge!

After the British evacuated Philadelphia, Arnold was given command of that city, and soon after married an accomplished, beautiful daughter of Judge Shippen. The Judge was a Tory, and his daughter had been on terms of intimacy with the British officers, and among them, ANDRE. After this period, she continued to cultivate so desirable an acquaintance; and in this way it was that Arnold was introduced to his future victim. While in Philadelphia, Arnold lived in the most extravagant style, and was gauded to desperation by creditors, complaining unceasingly because Congress would not grant him such money and reimbursements as he stipulated. It was at this period of his life that he formed the atrocious design of betraying his country.—He continued a clandestine correspondence with Andre, who was on board the British fleet with Sir Henry Clinton, under the assumed name of Gustavus, for nearly 18 months before the traitor was completed, and in the mean time, solicited and obtained the command of West Point. The details of the detection and execution of Andre, are too familiar now to need recapitulation.

Respecting Arnold, he was at breakfast at his own table, when a letter was handed him from below, announcing the apprehension of Andre, and the disclosure of his character as a Spy! His self-command at the moment was wonderful, for he knew his own fate was irrevocably sealed. He ordered a horse saddled, told his officers important business required his absence, entered Mrs. Arnold's chamber and informed her his life depended upon being

able to reach the enemy's lines in safety.—That they must part, perhaps, forever!—Struck with horror at the intelligence, she swooned away, and in that condition he left her. He mounted his horse, gained the river, and in a few minutes more was on board the British frigate Vulture. Shortly afterward, Washington was apprised of the transaction by the arrival of an express containing the papers found upon Andre, disclosing the plot, and he then learned that Arnold had been absent from the Point some hours. He exhibited his accustomed calmness, and apprehensively said to Lafayette, when communicating the villainy, "Whom can we trust now?" Washington immediately called upon Mrs. Arnold, and found her frantic with distress and upon the borders of distraction, alternately weeping bitterly and upbraiding him as intent upon destroying her husband. She soon after joined him on board the Vulture.

Arnold had a commission in the British army and six thousand three hundred pounds paid him, the original stipulation for his treason. Afterward he acted in the most hostile and vindictive manner against his country. He descended with a fleet upon Groton and New-London, and ravaged and burnt those places, almost within sight of his connexions and his early home! Every measure was attempted to get possession of his person by the Americans, and the general order was in case of success, to have him put to immediate execution.—He sailed for England in 1781, and subsequently sunk into such contempt and obscurity that little is known of him. After the war was terminated, he lived in St. John's, New-Brunswick, and traded extensively with the West Indies, when he returned to England, and died in 1801, aged 61 years. Benedict Arnold was unquestionably a man of great physical courage and undaunted intrepidity of character. He knew no such emotion as fear, but yet was deficient in cool judgment, and could endure nothing like rebuke or opposition from any man.—Rashness and impetuosity were pre-eminent in him, and the intemperate character of the father early matured the moral obliquity of principle, and strengthened the natural turpitude of conduct in the son.—The fate of Major Andre was lamented by all, and his memory is revered even by those he sought, according to the practices of war, to destroy. The name of Benedict Arnold ever will be execrated in both hemispheres.

**Dr. Channing** is the great apostle of Unitarianism. He was originally a Trinitarian clergyman, and, in those days, not considered remarkable either as a writer or speaker. The change in his sentiments took place while he was still young; and at that time the believers in his new creed were few.

Dr. Channing is not yet an old man—but, for many years, he has been considered, and has considered himself, at death's door: it was to his hearers as if every sermon must be his last. His mind, however, is in full vigour, and his writings, and even his eloquence, in this feeble and dying state, breathe an undiminished enthusiasm. In person, he is singularly small, and of the slightest possible frame: seen in the street wrapped in a cloak, and covered with a clerical hat, he looks like a child in the habiliments of a man. (We were struck, by the way, when in Edinburgh, with his resemblance to Jeffrey, though a much smaller man even than the critic of the Edinburgh Review.) In private conversation, he seems dependent, suffering, affectionate; his voice is querulous and low; his step and manner marked with debility; and, if you did not study closely his hand and eye, you would never imagine yourself in the presence of a man in whom there lived a spark of energy. He creeps up the pulpit stairs with a feebleness almost painful—while the congregation is hushed in anxious and breathless sympathy—sinks, exhausted, into the corner, and rises at last to give out the psalm, pale, and apparently quite unequal to the service.

A dead silence follows the first sound of his voice; and they may well listen—for never were poet's words read with such cadences of music. A prayer follows—low, brief, reverential, and wholly free from the irrelevance and familiarity common in extempore addresses to the Deity. Another psalm follows—read, perhaps, more distinctly, and with less tremulous debility than the first—and, as the echo of the organ dies in the arches of the roof, he rises for his sermon. His cloak has been thrown aside, and he stands before his audience the slightest drapery of a human frame that would serve to keep his soul upon the earth. Across his forehead streams a single lock of soft brown hair, contrasted strongly with its transparent whiteness; his thin and hollow features are calmly and merely intellectual in their painful lines; and his eye, glowing with the unnatural brightness of sickness, large, lambent, and clear, beams with inexpressible benignity. His voice, the most musical to which it has ever been our lot to listen, is first heard calm and deliberate, and is not much varied till he has laid down the premises of his discourse.—Ten minutes have elapsed—and now we have forgotten the man in the interest he has awakened by his truth-like and lucid statement of his theme. He is less a preacher to the hundreds about you, than an intelligent friend making a communication of personal interest to yourself. Your

mind is wholly his own. At this point, the strange and peculiar cadences of his voice begin to strengthen and change: his sentences are more varied—from the brief and impressive antithesis to the eloquent appeal, rolling onward with progressive pathos and energy; and his tones, which you had thought so silvery sweet, fill and gather power and seem illimitable in compass and expression. Passive, and almost motionless till now, his slight frame seems to dilate—his countenance kindles—his lips seem burning with earnestness and fire; and when his thin arm is stretched forth, with its wasted hand, at the thrilling crisis of his appeal, he seems transformed to a prophet—instinct with supernatural revelation. He goes on, and his discourse is full of surprises to the mind and to the ear.—Conclusions spring suddenly, and yet with irresistible logic, from the commonest premises; and his enunciation, to which we again recur, and which is varied in its stops, and as curious in its capabilities as an organ, changes from pathos to command—from calmness to impassioned fervor—from the most measured and lingering music to the most rapid and accumulating enthusiasm—with a wondrous facility, which seems the immediate and burning overflow of inspiration. He ceases—and disappears—and there is no stir in the congregation.—He is the first to break his own spell—he has given out the concluding hymn of the service before a sound is heard from the entranced and breathless multitude before him!—London Athenaeum.

**TALK, TALK, TALK.**—This is a talking world. Man is emphatically a talking animal. He is irresistibly given to it. His head is an incessant manufactory of ideas, notions and conceits, and they must be vended in the shape of words, at his mouth. The production is constantly going on, and they must have an outlet either at the mouth or the fingers' ends, or his head would become overcharged, and burst like a steam boiler. If he has no one to talk to he sits down and scrawls words on paper; they must come out; this is some alleviation. How one will talk in the morning! the fact is, words have been accumulating during the night—dammed up for a while; when the flood-gate is open, out they rush.

Men (we say nothing of women) are not at all alike in this respect. Some are commendably taciturn. They have a sort of safety valve, called prudence, which silently lets off this accumulating article. We like taciturnity, and would sit down and write a treatise in its praise, at the expense of talkativeness, could we get an audience to listen to it,—and did we not in the act, commit the same sin we should undertake to condemn.

Words do not, commonly speaking, convey men's real sentiments; they only discover their foibles and passions. What a different thing the world would be, were men only known by their actions—the use of words not known; a scene of acting and doing, not of talking. There would not be half the deceit and imposture which now exists. There could not be, from the nature of the case.

Great talkers are often greatly pestilential. We once had a friend, otherwise valuable, but he was a great talker. We at first cut him—shunned him.—He however contrived to seize us sometimes, and actually tore off most of our buttons, and tore out the button hole; and then we violently broke friendship with him.

A great talker is good for little else.—We have seen one begin at a day's work, and he would go at it, *secundum artem*, as one would build an oration. There was the long exordium of what he was going to do; and then, toward the conclusion, a long recapitulation of what he had done, which was just about nothing; so his performance was all head and tail, and no body.

There is little or no merit in talkativeness, no more than there is due to a cataract of falling water. It is, like it, a natural propensity, and flows on and on, and soon becomes monotonous and unpleasant to the hearer, who takes care to keep out of the reach of its spray, at least.

Great talkers are like many modern banks—they issue ten times the amount of their capital.—N. Y. Sun.

**THINGS I HATE.**—A woman riding in a stage with seven band boxes, and a squalling infant—A dull razor, when I am in a hurry—An album sent to me to put rhymes into—A long call when I am busy—Hot tea in a hot day—Dinner at a half hour after the time—A cravat so full of holes that I can't find one layer whole—Gridiron bridges and Portland side-walks built of stone as in Court street say—A long prayer in church when I don't know where to put my eyes or lay my hands—The fumbling of a new beginner over a piano—A letter to write and nothing to write about—A hole in the heel of my stocking so that I must walk lame to keep it in my shoes—A call upon a lady who keeps me waiting thirty minutes, so that she may regulate her toilette—Three or four yards of advice from one I know to be a fool—False curls on a ladies head badly put on—Red gauze dresses with white shining through them—A man at the Post Office, who keeps me waiting for him to read ten pages of the list of letters, and then that everlasting &c. &c. when one has nothing more to say.  
Portland Advertiser.